

D—n that hoss, 'taint wuth three cents cash,  
Whip'im up, Hincks, giv'im the lash,  
(He don't pay for the rain he drinks.)  
Sugar! Reck'n I'm the luna.

Whistle at five!—  
Say you Bill, push along that plough,  
Hurry up, or there'll be some row;  
We don't want to hear no groans,  
What's matter with old lazy-bones?  
This mill wasn't put up for moans,  
You're all gettin' del'cate tones!  
Sugar! Reck'n I'm the luna.

Anne Marie Prescott.  
\* \* \*

To the Editor of The Evening Sun:—Sir: I write as a New England Hawaiian without missionary affiliations of any sort, remote or near, who has had his home for nearly ten years in the Paradise of the Pacific.

There is much that is true and picturesque in an article reprinted by you from the Louisville Courier-Journal, but even if all the statements were correct they would hardly warrant the conclusion that the native Hawaiians are stripped of everything but their language and are an unhappy lot.

It was the custom a few years ago for a class of Americans who went to Honolulu to improve their financial conditions and found to their disappointment not a mushroom Western town but a place with firmly established and entrenched business interests, in the hands largely of the descendants of missionaries, to disparage the missionary influence in Hawaii. As a party of opposition they started a campaign of misrepresentation, evidences of which crop out here and there even now.

It is true of all primitive peoples that they readily adopt the alluring and harmful features of so-called civilization, and the Hawaiians have not been an exception, but they are anything but unhappy.

Is it thought that there are any Hawaiians who would welcome a return to the days of human sacrifice at the erection of sacred temples and on other occasions, and when it meant death for one to let his shadow fall across royalty or to infringe the elaborate tabu system, when the makaainana, or serfs, were constantly subject to peremptory levies from the feudal chiefs for provisions and services? Would

the Hawaiians who, under congressional authority, now exercise the privilege of universal suffrage and love politics as they do music, whose votes now control the territorial and county elections, and hence most of the government offices, prefer the times and ways of the monarchy, a government well known to most people who are acquainted with Hawaiian history? It is but natural that the old Hawaiians should still feel an aloha for their former government. The younger generation better understands the change that inevitably took place and are satisfied, enthusiastic and loyal Americans.

Localities are still to be found in the Islands where one may imagine himself to be living a hundred years ago, where the natives live in grass houses and are seen fishing along the sand and lava coast, their brown bodies hampered only by a malo around the loins. This idyllic existence, however, does not in fact possess the charm for the native which the advocate of the simple life might suppose, and the average Hawaiian generally embraces the first opportunity to move to Honolulu, with its large stores, its theaters, band concerts, parades, promenades and army and navy display.

With a citizen labor law and large sums of money being spent upon roads and other public works, the native Hawaiian has a monopoly of government work at a minimum wage of \$1.50 a day for pick and shovel work, and finds nothing of which to complain in such conditions. In a climate where the mercury ranges between 60 deg. and 90 deg., the Hawaiian is not troubled by extreme heat or cold. Shelter, clothing and food cost him very little, and he knows nothing of poverty as it is understood in the States.

The history of the Hawaiian people has not been half so "pathetic" as the ignorance which has prevailed as to conditions in the mid-Pacific Territory. The natives do not "have to work for a living" unless they care to. Some of them certainly work but little. Yet the Islands have no beggars, with the possible exception of white beach-combers in Honolulu, who are soon attended to. It may be correct to say, "In the halcyon days of undisturbed savagery and paganism they owned all the real estate," if by "they" is not meant the serfs, but only the Island kings. In those

days the common people owned nothing.

Strange indeed it is if those who have even passed through the Crossroads can forget the leis, or flower wreaths, of the Hawaiians and the thrumming of their guitars. That these music and flower loving, rotund and jolly people should be termed "unhappy" can be the result only of misinformation.

John Albert Matthewman.

New York, February 15.  
\* \* \*

Philadelphia.—"It costs more to get the common necessities of life in the United States today than in any other country in the world," declared James Wilson, secretary of agriculture, in an address before the Manufacturers' Club of this city on "The Present Food Crisis." He added:

"It has been said that the American is the best fed, best clothed, best educated and best housed man upon earth. We shall have to add now that he is the most expensive fed."

Secretary Wilson pointed out that the fundamental difficulty was that the people are leaving the farms to such an extent that there are not enough remaining to produce the food of the increasing population. He said he was convinced that combinations of retailers, wholesalers and the like were responsible in great measure for keeping up prices.  
\* \* \*

THE HON. ALEXANDER YOUNG.

A seer is not born every year, genius for forecasting the future of a country or a metropolis be it said.

John Jacob Astor, we all know, from history, saw as in a vision, a supernatural dream, mapped out before him, the wonderful Greater New York and shaped his real estate ventures accordingly; and even wise business men shrugged their shoulders, (and not a few likely cast an eye over the left shoulder at some of his wild schemes!). Mr. Young has displayed a like faith in the future of this Territory; and, at the very time when times were indeed dark and dull, he put stone to stone and with money mortar and marble he gave to this city the splendid hotel that bears his name. Now, he controls three superb hotels: the Moana and the Royal Hawaiian, making up the trio that are